Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withred plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me,
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good,
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to bee my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
King. but in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture,
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, writ to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit, Qu.*
Relenting foole and shallow changing womani *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne one the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore
Throng many doubtfull hollow-har
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to beate then
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their A
And there they hull expecting but th
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them a
King. Some light-foot friend post to
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: post thou t
When thou comest there, dull vnmin
Why stands thou still, and goest not
Cat. First mightie soueraigne let me
What from your grace I shall deliuer
King. O true good *Catesby*, bid him
The greatest strength and power he
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasur
King. Why, what shouldst thou doe
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I sho
King. My minde is chang'd sir, my
How now what newes with you;
Dar. None good my Lord to plea
Nor none so bad but it may well be
King. Hoidaie a riddle neither good
Why doest thou runne so many miles
When thou maiest tell thy tale a nee
Once more what newes;
Dar. Richmond is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be t
White liuered runagate what doth
Dar. I know not mightie soueraign
King. Well sir, as you guesse,
Dar. Stird vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingh*
He makes for *England*, there to clai
King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sw
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpos
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue b
And who is *England's* King, but gre

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